

Tallow Candle*

Carol Thornton

Tallow candle gives birth to flame in hate

Wax drips—ugly flame.

You're ugly! Does it hurt? Anything hurt in Hell?

Heaven of fleecy clouds and golden harps. . .

Flame flickers. . . lets me down and not easy either.

I whisper words of love—

I've extinguished my friend!

(through words of love?)

My tears drop through listless puffs of grey smoke

. . . her shroud.

I'm sorry?

Ummm. Clouds like in heaven. . .

. . . are they made of smoke?